## The Saddle put on the right Horse:

O R, 1488 d 16

# DONALD MACDONALD's

## THOUGHTS

On the present Times.

A

# POEM,

In the Ramfonian Stile.

Per varios casus, per tot descrimina rerum, tendimus in P——t——b—— m.

#### THE SECOND EDITION.

To which is subjoined,

The Apparition of his GHOST, to a Prisoner in the New-Goal, in Southwark.

Post mortem nobis nulla voluptas datur,

Prob dolor!

#### LONDON;

Frinted by and for R. Phillips, in West-Smithsfield, and Sold at the Pamphlet Shops in London and Westminster, 1746.

Price 6 d.

Campaneana

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

Several Persons, who have seen the following Poem in Manuscript, and are acquainted with the Scotch Dialect, bestow great Encomiums on the Personance, and think it equal to any of

Allan Ramfay's.

Tho' to an English Reader, unacquainted with the Scotch Language, much of the Beauty is lost, yet as the Author has taken care to explain the unintelligible Words and Phrases, he will see that there's Spirit and Humour in the Thing, much more than reasonable might be expected from a Man in such a Situation. It is therefore hoped that this little Poem will divert those into whose Hands it comes.



## [3]



### The Saddle, &c.

Have ten 'Merks, 2 nae 3 mere, nor less,
To put my Writings to the Press;
It's 4a the 5 Geer I 6ha laid bye,
And 7 foul befa me if I lye;
Though I 8 mawn in the 9 Widdy swing,
Which is a Develish ugly Thing;
Yet 10 blith's my Heart when I now see,
That English 11 Fouks are worse than we;
And tho' they did 12 na venture out,
Because they were 13 na 14 unco stout;

very

Yet

? may evil betide me

a Scotch Mark is 1 s. 1 d. 2.
no
Gallows
more
all
Holks
Money
have

### [4]

Yet as they made us heedless Fools, Take up the Cudgels as their Tools, I hope and pray the 'courdly 'Fallas, May gain their due, I mean the Gallas: Of Scotsmen they who now compline, Are like the Dog who bites the 5Stine; And not the 'Nive which 'keust it out, By which \*peer Baty 'gat a 'Clout; So if I hear an Englishman, At Rebel Scots now curse and 12ban; I'll roar and fwear 'till I am Hoarfe, The Saddle's now on the right Horse; For no Rebellion 13wid 14ha been, Had English Money not been 15 geen.

Fou

cowardly Pellows

<sup>3</sup> Gallows

<sup>4</sup> complain

Ctone

s Stone

e Hand

<sup>7</sup> threw

<sup>8</sup> boot.

<sup>9</sup> Curr or Dog

<sup>10</sup> got

<sup>&</sup>quot; Stroke

<sup>12</sup> fwear

<sup>13</sup> would

<sup>14</sup> have

<sup>\*</sup> given

Fu well its 'kent that Highland Lads, 3Wi naked 4Houghs, and belted Plads; Will for the Goud brak a the Laws, And braly fight in any Cause; But then the 8Lowns 9wha 10pat them on, Have "a the Guilt on them alone. Had I but 12 Goud at my Command, I'd raise, in this same English Land, Ten thousand 13 Lowns, who at my Nod, Wou'd kill their King, or curse their God; So never 14winer that a Scot, 15 Wha sald his King for a 16 peer Groat; Should when the Goud in '7Goupens came, 18Inse 19mare be brib'd to do the same. IF

knownwithHams

\* full

" all

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Gold <sup>6</sup> brake all

<sup>7</sup> bravely

Rogues who

o put

<sup>12</sup> Gold

<sup>13</sup> Rogues

wonder who fold

<sup>&</sup>quot;s who fold

<sup>16</sup> poor

<sup>17</sup> Flandfulls

once

nore

If good King 'Sheorge my 'Crag will spair, And 3lat me Hame again repair; By Gouden Walies if I'm caught, The Deel may fle me Belly flaght; Or mak a <sup>6</sup>Tulchin of my Skin, The Day that I am relicked in, Or 8Fangs to Flails, or bullet Bags, Or even Pookies for ald Rags; But if I 'mawn gang a gray gate, And at the Widdy end my Fate; I hope in God ere twelve Months "gane, The Gallas will 12ha 13ilky ane, Of a the fourteen Hundred 4Hogs, The 15 maughtless, 16 heartless, 17 faulless Dogs;

George

<sup>\*</sup> Ne k

<sup>3</sup> Let me Home

<sup>\*</sup> gold Trinkets, by Gouden Walies the Author alludes here to Guineas.

Deel may fle me Belly flaght, i. e. may the Devil take off the Skin of my Belly

<sup>&</sup>quot;This Word Tulchin has various Significations, fuch as Thongs, a horse Collar, a Piper's Bags, &c.

hook'd or drawn in

<sup>8</sup> Thorgs to Threshers

<sup>9</sup> little Pockets or Bigs for old Rags

<sup>&</sup>quot; must be unfortunate

<sup>&</sup>quot; gone

<sup>12</sup> have

<sup>13</sup> every

<sup>14</sup> a Year-old Lamb

<sup>15</sup> fumbling or weakly

<sup>16</sup> no Heart

<sup>17</sup> no Soul

who

## [7.7

'Wha gi them but a well stuff'd 'Kite, Will bark 3fo loud, yet dare 4na bite. 5 Vow! 6 aft my Wife and a my 7 Chiller, Bad me 8gi back the English Siller; And stay at 9Hame by our Fire side, To keep my "Riggs, and fave my "Hide; But when the Goud lay on the Board, They made me draw my trusty Sword, And swear while I had 12 Limb or Lith, For Charly I wou'd try my 13Pith; The 14 Cullishangie they teld me, Was to get back the Crown, which he By Right of 15 Blid ought to poffes, This I believ'd, and now confess,

That

who give

<sup>2</sup> Belly

<sup>3</sup> very

<sup>4</sup> not

s alas! This Word Vow is fome- "Skin prize or Wonder, as, Vow Man '3 Strength gin ye be Stout.

<sup>6</sup> often

<sup>7</sup> Children

give

<sup>9</sup> Home

<sup>10</sup> Land

times made use of by way of Sur- 12 while I had the Use of my Limbs

<sup>14</sup> Quarrel

<sup>15</sup> Blood

That as I thought him in the Right, I laid about me in the 'Feught, More like a Devil than a Man, 'Till at Culloden we 'a ran. But now the 3Gallas is the Place, Where I 4mawn stap my earthly Race; Unless, as I have said before, The King, whose Mercy I implore, Will 5a 6daft Donald's Pranks forgive, And let him for a whillum live; Since I ne'er yet did 8brak my Word, As I mawn manfer to the Lord; If he'll but "tak it at this Time, I'll bless him 12beth in Prose and Rhime.

Fight

all

break

all

must

all

must

follows

FINIS

